

The Muskogee Gimeter.

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A HOT TIME

From Start to Finish at the Reception Given by the Club.

The Lincoln Club had a meeting, a water melon feast, and a rough house all at the same time.

It is reported that the statesman from hungry roost who parades under the sobriquet of Sam Lewis got his neck in a vice, and as the vice tightened his tongue lolled out and his eyes nearly burst from their sockets and his breath gurgled through in gasps, at this time the vice relaxed and everyone present gave the hungry individual a kick which landed him on the ground floor.

There were several other upsets and down-comings. Take it all in all it was something like an Irish wake. Everyone had a good time, no body hurt seriously, and only a few bruised heads which added flavor to the feast. As the hungry individual retreated in good order the band played "Should old acquaintance be forgotten." When the mogul yelled put him out, the band played "A hot time in the old town" and the hot time was on. One cuss saved his bacon by hiding among the band boys.

It was a great meeting, may be another soon.—Reporter.

Men--White and Black.

After speaking highly of certain colored men of Emporia, calling them by name, and praising them for their sterling qualities, William Allen White goes on to say;

"This does not mean that respectable colored men are to mingle with white society in little foolish card parties; that is such a small and trivial part of life. But it does mean that in building up this town as a moral and commercial entity these colored men are considered a part of the business and moral substance of the town, and they are accepted on a legal and business and political equality with white men, and stand men for man upon their merits as men; and are accepted as men of their worth.

"This, however, should not make a lot of lazy, good for nothing black men who do nothing but bring the clothes home from the wash and eat roasting ears and fish, swell up with their importance. They are no better than the ordinary white loafers—loafers rich and loafers poor—

who are sitting around drying to keep the fires of hell going. White man, or black man, or red man, or brown it is honest, conscientious, well-directed work that makes character, and character is, after all, the final test upon which men are tried."—Ex.

NO MORE STATESBOROS.

It is not putting it too strongly to say that in all the lynch law history of this country, the Statesboro, Ga., mob provided the blackest chapter.

The two victims of this mob had been formerly tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The date of their execution had been fixed for September 7, so the members of the mob were without the common justification that the ends of justice were likely to be defeated by the slow and uncertain process of the law. The authorities in charge of the prisoners did not have the excuse that they were not able to cope with the mob, because a company of well armed militia surrounded the prisoners.

There was not, then, even the slightest excuse for the failure of the authorities to protect their prisoners or the smallest justification for the resort to mob law on the part of the people of Statesboro.

It is the blackest chapter because, aside from the terrible methods employed, it is clear that men were bent upon destroying the two wretches already under sentence of death because of a desire to actually participate in fiendish work. This is the blackest chapter because the authorities, although amply able to protect them ignominiously failed to do their duty.

The crime for which these creatures have been convicted was a terrible one, but however guilty the mobs victims may have been, those who hope to speak for the good of society are in duty bound to set themselves resolutely against lynch law in any form and particularly against the awful brutality that characterized the Statesboro proceedings.—Okmulgee Chieftian.

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FROM A DISTANCE.

Rush of Freedmen to Get on Creek Roll Before September.

No one will be allowed to file a claim for allotment of land with the Dawes Commission after Sept 1st, as the rolls will close after that time. Owing to that, they are having quite a rush at the commission and people are coming from many different places.

At present Wm. Gilbreay holds the record for coming the greatest distance. He is a Creek freedman living in New York and follows the occupation of Gardener. Twenty-five years ago he left the territory and this is the first time he has been back.

There are three or four Creek freedmen who live a greater distance than Mr. Gilbreay but they will not be able to get here to file their claims. They live in the Liberia country on the west coast of Africa.

Johnny's Lament.

Wish I didn't have any sisters 'round Fourth of July time. Got six that are pretty decent other times, but when the Fourth comes they buzz 'round like mosquitoes.

They ain't got no consid'ration for a feller's feelings. They bust in on his fun just when he's lighting a cannon cracker and want a punk fixed, and when they see the cannon sizzling they scream loud enough to split your ears and that brings your maw and she yells to you to quit teasing your sisters and then sees the cannon and rushes out and grabs you and bears you away, and you miss seeing the cannon bust into a thousand pieces.

No, sir, sisters are all wrong 'round Fourth of July time. If they ain't getting your maw after you and screaming all the time fit to kill, they're moosing 'round and blubbing and saying, "Poor Johnny's burned his finger." That makes a feller with any spunk darn mad.

Papago Version of Football.

The boys of the Papago tribe in the southwest have a game which the fellows in Harvard and Yale would form rules about, if they played it, until it became very lively indeed.

These Indian boys make dumbbells of woven buckskin or rawhide. They weave them tight and stiff, and then soak them in a sort of red mud which sticks like paint. They dry them, and then the queer toys are ready for use. To play the game, they mark off goals, one for each band or "side" of players. The object of each side is to send its dumbbells over the goal of the enemy.

The dumbbells are tossed with sticks that are thrust under them as they lie on the ground. The perverse things will not go straight or far, and a rod is a pretty good throw for one.

The sport quickly grows exciting, and the players are soon battling in a heap, almost as if they were playing at football.—St. Nicholas.

A Plausible Excuse.

Russell Sage was talking the other day about a dishonest but plausible broker.

"I have caught this man," he said, "in a dozen shady transactions. He has always, though, been ready to excuse himself."

Mr. Sage smiled. Then he resumed: "He reminds me of a chap who broke a plate glass window one day. As soon as he had broken the window he hurried off as fast as he could go. But the shopkeeper had seen him. The shopkeeper came after him and grabbed him by the collar.

"Aha, you broke my window, didn't you, eh?" he said.

"Yes, and didn't you see me running home for the money to pay for it?" said the other."

English Fighting Beetles.

There are beetles in England (of the family known to scientists as Tephrosiidae) that are popularly called soldiers and sailors, the red species being called by the former name and the blue species by the latter. These beetles are among the most quarrelsome of insects and fight to the death on the least provocation. It has long been the custom among English boys to catch and set them fighting with each other. They are as ready for battle as gamecocks and the victor will both kill and eat his antagonist.—St. Nicholas.

Lived Up To His Creed.

A priest at Holyoda, Hungary, recently inherited £5,000 from a relative in Russia. When he received the money he parceled it out among the 255 villagers, and kept £50 for himself.

Warning Order.

In the United States Court for the Western District of the Indian Territory sitting at Muskogee, I. T., October Term 1904.

Mollie McClure, Plaintiff } Equity
vs. }
Thomas McClure, Defendant } 5507

The defendant, Thomas McClure is hereby warned to appear in this court within thirty days and answer the complaint of plaintiff, Mollie McClure.

Witness the Honorable Charles W. Raymond, judge of said court, and the seal thereof, at Muskogee, Indian Territory, this the 25th day of August, 1904

P. R. Harrison, Clerk.

By Chas. T. Runyan, Dep.

A. McRea, Attorney for Plt.
P. R. Price, Att'y for non-resident Defendant.

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DR. J. BOSTON HILL,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Office Hours:—7 to 9 a. m.; 3 to 5 p. m.
At office all night. Next door to Creek Undertaker Co.
203 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

The lightning bug is a brilliant, But he hasn't any mind, He meanders through the darkness With his headlight on behind, Likewise the foolish merchant, Whom no one can advise. He declares there's nothin' doin' When asked to advertise.—Ex.

The Best Advertising Medium through which you can reach the colored people is "THE CIMETER."